

CHIEF OF CONSULAR BUREAU



Herbert C. Hengstler, chief of the United States consular service and first principal of the consular school. Mr. Hengstler is a young man, only 31 years of age, who has had a most rapid rise, based solely on merit; entering the consular bureau in 1898 as a stenographer he advanced through the various clerical grades until he was appointed to his present position.

CANNOT RAISE MONEY

PROBLEM FORMER INDIAN TERRITORY MUST MEET.

Constitution Failed to Provide Method for Obtaining Coin to Keep Government Moving Until Legislature Can Act.

Tulsa, I. T.—Indian Territory celebrated statehood with all sorts of noise, but the serious minded part of the community is wondering how the many problems will be met.

On the Oklahoma side everything is smooth and easy, because they have had county government over there for ten years, and it simply meant a transfer of the accounts from the territory to the state. But on the Indian Territory side, where there has been not a single organized county, it means beginning at the beginning and starting things off. Forty-five counties went into business on November 16, and not one of them has a cent in the treasury, not one of them has a courthouse or a jail, not one of them has as much as a sheet of official paper on which to record the minutes of the first meeting of the county commissioners' court.

The jurisdiction of the United States ended the minute the proclamation of the president went into effect, and from that time forward the new state has had to shift for itself. It must take care of the prisoners and be responsible for all debts and so on. It must provide an organized government for the people according to the systems which obtain elsewhere.

Money is the great and pressing question to start with. None of the Indian Territory counties has any and there is no way provided in the constitution by which money for pressing necessities can be obtained. The constitution covers everything else from the initiative and referendum to the regulation of the procession of the seasons, but the statesmen who framed the document overlooked the fact that until the legislature could provide some way to keep the county governments going the county governments will be in trouble.

The most generally accepted theory is that the commissioners of the Indian Territory counties can issue scrip till the legislature gives them some authority for an orderly system of finance.

But scrip has terrors. The contractors and the people who are to furnish supplies, the printer men and the rest will not take scrip except at a great discount. It is the theory of the contractors that many of the counties will not be able to redeem the scrip for years and years, and while they are taking the chance they might as well play safe.

Musical Prodigy Appears.

London.—Prof. Forel and his various associates in the temperance propaganda have petitioned the government to set apart cars Saturday and Sunday nights for the exclusive use of intoxicated persons, or, if that be deemed inexpedient, to reserve cars for abstainers, and thus afford abstainers quiet traveling.

Special Cars for Drunkards.

Berlin.—Prof. Forel and his various associates in the temperance propaganda have petitioned the government to set apart cars Saturday and Sunday nights for the exclusive use of intoxicated persons, or, if that be deemed inexpedient, to reserve cars for abstainers, and thus afford abstainers quiet traveling.

TRAINED RATS AS CLOCKS.

They Gently Awaken Their Owner at Any Hour to Be Fed.

New York.—Abe Conklin has closed his snake hatchery in the Warwick mountains and has gone into his winter quarters on Honesuckle avenue, Montclair, N. J. Conklin has resumed his winter occupation of training white rats to be useful and helpful to man. Last year he trained some rats to carry a stout string to the top of a flagpole and pass it through the pulley at the top. He sold these rats at high prices to janitors of New York office buildings. When the flag halyards fall the janitors do not have to employ stepladders. Conklin trained other rats to run a sewing machine by treading the pedal.

This year Conklin is training rats to take the place of alarm clocks. He knows that the rattle and jangle of an alarm clock make many persons very nervous for the rest of the day. He feeds his alarm rats only once a day; some at five a. m., some at 5:30 and so on until seven a. m. Each is so trained that at the instant of its meal hour it goes to the room of the human that feeds it and gently tickles his ear until he awakes and feeds it. Conklin expects to sell many of these alarm rats to Montclair commuters, and he predicts that the nervous afflictions caused by alarm clocks will soon disappear from that happy place. He says his rats never rust, run down nor vary a second in giving their gentle alarm. Conklin will dye a rat pink, green or blue if his customer thinks one such will wake him up quicker.

JUDGES THEM BY THEIR CATS.

Irish Maid Has Way of Estimating Her Employer's Character.

New York.—"No, ma'am," said an Irish maid of much experience as she returned to a New York intelligence office the other day, "I didn't engage with that family. I didn't like the looks of their cat." "Of their cat?" repeated the owner of the office in amazement.

"Why, Katie, I'm sure they wouldn't keep a cat that was in any way dangerous." "Not dangerous, no ma'am, but a restless, unhappy looking creature that didn't speak well for the family," replied the girl. "I always judge a family by their cat."

"A sleek, comfortable pussy who comes up and rubs against you means a quiet, good-natured family, and one that's not worrying about ways and means; but a nervous, unfriendly looking cat reflects a household which is on the verge of nervous prostration or financial ruin or some other horrible trouble. I've been living with families and studying their cats for 25 years, and I've never known the sign to fail."

"A family that can't make its cat happy is one to make any servant miserable."

Born Blind, Can Now See.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Gale C. Hoskins, 59 years old, who was born blind, has been restored to sight in an infirmary at Cleveland, O. Twenty years ago he married Miss Lottie Hall, with whom he came to Colorado shortly afterward. She left the other way for Cleveland to join her husband. The restoration of Mr. Hoskins' vision was unexpected.

Girl Likes Prison Life.

London.—"I want to go to prison, I like it, and would sooner be in than out; and if you don't send me there I shall steal something else, so as to get locked up." This extraordinary statement was made to the Windsor magistrates by a young woman who was charged with stealing a pair of boots.

Historic Canonchet, "House of Tragedy," Will No Longer Be Home of Spragues

FOR SALE.—A HIGHLY IMPROVED estate at Narragansett Pier, R. I., consisting of 250 acres of land, with a beautifully furnished mansion, upon which and the stables green-houses and other buildings about \$100,000 have been expended. This property is historically known as "Canonchet," the palatial home which Kate Chase Sprague (daughter of Salmon P. Chase) built about 55 years ago at the cost stated.

So runs the circular—the house of tragedy goes under the hammer! Who wants to buy it?

You may have it, with the story of the loves and hates of men and women of a half century ago. With it go memories of other days; of duels and divorce; of elopements, suicides, scandals and law suits without number.

Here Roscoe Conkling was once an honored guest; and here law, diplomacy and political strategy were made and unmade. Blaine, Garfield, Beecher, Tilden, Ben Butler, Greeley, Dana, Grant were all honored guests here. Its rooms and halls are redolent with memory to-day as they were three decades ago.

Who wants to buy? Name your price.

Canonchet, once the handsomest estate on the Atlantic coast, is for sale to the highest bidder. It is on the market because a girl chose to defy her parents—Inez Sprague has eloped with the son of her grandfather's bitterest enemy.

As last of the direct line of the Spragues, she was to have inherited this baronial estate, worth at least \$1,000,000 to-day. But she broke her engagement with J. Harold Winpenny, of Philadelphia, stayed in seclusion a year and then eloped with Harry Williams Stinson, son of Judge Stinson, associate justice of the supreme court of Rhode Island.

Can Never Forgive Her.

"He did his utmost to accomplish my financial ruin," declared William Sprague, who was war governor of Rhode Island when the north and south decided to discuss their differences at the cannon's mouth. "I can never forgive her."

The governor and Mrs. Sprague, his second wife, retired to Canonchet to make their plans. In order to gain time they said not a word when it was asserted that they had forgiven the eloping bride and that she and the bridegroom would be welcomed there, and that eventually she would inherit the house of tragedy, the home of a thousand memories of bygone days.

But their silence did not mean consent. For when all their plans had been formulated, Gov. and Mrs. Sprague instructed their lawyer, Henry Wellington Wack, of New York, to arrange for the sale of the historic estate, just as it now stands. A great inheritance has been forfeited because a young girl saw fit to make a shopping trip to Providence and then suddenly make up her mind to get married.

Fall back 44 years and march along with the events of the time, a time when Lincoln had that able and am-

bitious man, Salmon P. Chase, in his cabinet as secretary of the treasury; a time when Kate Chase dominated Washington society and influenced her father's eminent associates by the force of her beauty and the spirited brilliance of her wit.

Then and there William Sprague, a dashing young fellow from Rhode Island—its civil war governor and later its United States senator—brave, handsome, clever, entered upon a career which makes fiction seem tame and tragedy commonplace. Kate Chase is dead—she died in the

chambers, towers, eerie dens, a theater, library—63 rooms in all. It had \$40,000 worth of hand carving in the dining-room, and other appointments of a similar extravagance. It stands to-day, dark but proud; heir of its hospitality to the distinguished men and women of two continents. Horace Greeley used to visit there and toast his shins before the library grate; Conkling's name is indelibly stamped upon the place and time, and the man whose memory goes back to the early seventies will recall the big jinks and the Sprague-Chase-Conkling

episode, which culminated in Conkling's flight from the governor's gun by way of a window and a barred and bolted boudoir door.

Sprague's Business Downfall.

It was in 1873 that the political and social forces at work to ruin Senator Sprague succeeded in accomplishing their design. It soon became evident that the fate of the A. and W. Sprague concerns, estimated to be worth \$60,000,000, would be destruction. The Spragues had been ambushed. When the concerns failed in 1873, with more than \$30,000,000 in actual assets and less than \$11,000,000 of indebtedness, the state of Rhode Island was almost prostrated. Z. Chaffee was appointed trustee of the estate. The courts wrestled with it for more than 20 years, and enterprises which once involved all of Rhode Island were laid waste.

Domestic discord and estrangement now intervened to madden the principals in this drama. The three daughters of Gov. Sprague and Kate Chase were being educated abroad. "Willie" Sprague, as he was called, the only son, a strange composite of genius and impulsive youth, was still at home.

Robert Thompson had been appointed trustee for the personal estate of the late governor.

Brilliant Kate Chase.

While United States senator he married Katherine Chase, famed as Kate Chase, the beautiful daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury. With this brilliant marriage began the social career which sent the name of Chase-Sprague to the greater salons of Europe and America.

Kate Chase in that day was accounted the most brilliant woman in the society of her own country. She was beautiful, she was a diplomat of marvelous methods, the homage of the greatest statesmen of that time was hers, she was the queenly leader of Washington's social and official life.

And what was her quest? The older generation will recall the plot and the interplotting of those years to make Salmon P. Chase president of the United States. The fact that this great ambition of a daughter was never gratified was probably the precursor of that adverse fate which has relentlessly pursued and gnawed the heart of every Sprague ambition felt since that time.

Early in her married life Kate Chase Sprague built Canonchet, on an estate of 250 acres at Narragansett pier. The house was at that time the grandest mansion on the coast. It stands on the favorite camping ground of Canonchet, chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians. It cost a million dollars. Its furnishings were brought from the stores of many countries. It is a palace within, a labyrinth of halls, nooks, salons,

and made her debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Among other numbers she sang the suicide aria from the opera "Gloconda." Boston critics caused Mrs. Sprague to quit her proposed tour and return to France. Defeat lay in ambush wherever a Sprague ventured forth. That same year Mrs. Kate Chase died in poverty in Washington.

There was, for instance, the case of Orestes Alvord Weed, brother of Mrs. Inez Sprague and her sister Mrs. Gerrit S. Wheaton, who, in 1903 eloped with Miss Katherine D. de Rouillac, of New York. Last year young Weed was found dead at the Grand Union hotel in New York from morphine poisoning. His young widow and two handsome children are all that remain of his little household—a household founded after many affairs of the heart in which young Weed was the debonaire hero.

Five years ago Gerrit S. Wheaton died and left his large interest in Standard Oil to his young widow, sister of Mrs. Inez Sprague, one time wife of Willie Sprague, and mother of Inez Sprague the second. The latter was a beautiful girl. And she has just blasted the great hopes of the "little war governor" and his wife, by eloping with Harry Williams Stinson, son of Chief Justice John H. Stinson, Sprague's implacable enemy in the Rhode Island supreme court, between whose family and the clan Sprague a feud has existed since 1874.

Marriage Promised Much.

Many had courted the girl. Finally last year, when she was 21, she became engaged to young Winpenny, member of a prominent Pennsylvania family. By this marriage, the Wheaton fortune, coupled with Canonchet and its acres, might yet make the score even between the Spragues and their enemies.

But fate was against it. One day last spring Miss Inez announced the breaking of her engagement to Mr. Winpenny. On a day in June she left Canonchet to go shopping in Providence. There on June 21, at St. Stephen's church, she married Harry Williams Stinson without previous announcement. Rev. Herbert Barker performed the ceremony. W. C. Rhoades and Wurst White were witnesses. The spirited young lady was not to be bothered with the forms and trills of a conventional marriage. It is merely a matter of theory that the acquisition of a husband on her shopping tour was the item of chief concern to Miss Inez. There was a new hat, for instance.

And because of it Canonchet goes under the hammer at once. The Spragues are to quit Rhode Island and America forever.

Pay Women Small Wages.

About 80 tons of woolen rags are collected annually at Smyrna and shipped chiefly to England and France. They are sorted in Smyrna by women, who get 23 to 30 cents a day working from dawn to sunset.

ling its crystals to the idle after-dinner chat of a surfeited company.

It was October, 1890, and the night was chill when this self-absorbed party suddenly learned the news of Willie Sprague's death. He had shot himself in a laborer's tent in the suburbs of Tacoma. The sign of blood was again upon the house of tragedy. A few days thereafter, when the poor boy's wasted body was being brought home, a final letter which he had addressed to his father came to light. It had been written in a tent assigned to young Sprague as one of a gang of road laborers. In it he recited some of his hardships. The boy complained of the coarse quality of his breakfast that day. Here the letter abruptly terminated. His body was found beside the barrel on which he had written his farewell.

Fate's Relentless Pursuit.

A few years after this, Ethel Sprague, one of the daughters of Kate Chase, adopted the stage. After a short time she quit the profession and, marrying, went to live in Baltimore. Meantime, Canonchet had again been started by an elopement. In the autumn of 1897 Mrs. Inez Sprague, having studied grand opera with some of the best French and Italian masters, appeared in Boston

Domestic discord and estrangement now intervened to madden the principals in this drama. The three daughters of Gov. Sprague and Kate Chase were being educated abroad. "Willie" Sprague, as he was called, the only son, a strange composite of genius and impulsive youth, was still at home.

Robert Thompson had been appointed trustee for the personal estate of the late governor.

Brilliant Kate Chase.

While United States senator he married Katherine Chase, famed as Kate Chase, the beautiful daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury. With this brilliant marriage began the social career which sent the name of Chase-Sprague to the greater salons of Europe and America.

Kate Chase in that day was accounted the most brilliant woman in the society of her own country. She was beautiful, she was a diplomat of marvelous methods, the homage of the greatest statesmen of that time was hers, she was the queenly leader of Washington's social and official life.

And what was her quest? The older generation will recall the plot and the interplotting of those years to make Salmon P. Chase president of the United States. The fact that this great ambition of a daughter was never gratified was probably the precursor of that adverse fate which has relentlessly pursued and gnawed the heart of every Sprague ambition felt since that time.

Early in her married life Kate Chase Sprague built Canonchet, on an estate of 250 acres at Narragansett pier. The house was at that time the grandest mansion on the coast. It stands on the favorite camping ground of Canonchet, chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians. It cost a million dollars. Its furnishings were brought from the stores of many countries. It is a palace within, a labyrinth of halls, nooks, salons,

and made her debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Among other numbers she sang the suicide aria from the opera "Gloconda." Boston critics caused Mrs. Sprague to quit her proposed tour and return to France. Defeat lay in ambush wherever a Sprague ventured forth. That same year Mrs. Kate Chase died in poverty in Washington.

There was, for instance, the case of Orestes Alvord Weed, brother of Mrs. Inez Sprague and her sister Mrs. Gerrit S. Wheaton, who, in 1903 eloped with Miss Katherine D. de Rouillac, of New York. Last year young Weed was found dead at the Grand Union hotel in New York from morphine poisoning. His young widow and two handsome children are all that remain of his little household—a household founded after many affairs of the heart in which young Weed was the debonaire hero.

Five years ago Gerrit S. Wheaton died and left his large interest in Standard Oil to his young widow, sister of Mrs. Inez Sprague, one time wife of Willie Sprague, and mother of Inez Sprague the second. The latter was a beautiful girl. And she has just blasted the great hopes of the "little war governor" and his wife, by eloping with Harry Williams Stinson, son of Chief Justice John H. Stinson, Sprague's implacable enemy in the Rhode Island supreme court, between whose family and the clan Sprague a feud has existed since 1874.

Marriage Promised Much.

Many had courted the girl. Finally last year, when she was 21, she became engaged to young Winpenny, member of a prominent Pennsylvania family. By this marriage, the Wheaton fortune, coupled with Canonchet and its acres, might yet make the score even between the Spragues and their enemies.

But fate was against it. One day last spring Miss Inez announced the breaking of her engagement to Mr. Winpenny. On a day in June she left Canonchet to go shopping in Providence. There on June 21, at St. Stephen's church, she married Harry Williams Stinson without previous announcement. Rev. Herbert Barker performed the ceremony. W. C. Rhoades and Wurst White were witnesses. The spirited young lady was not to be bothered with the forms and trills of a conventional marriage. It is merely a matter of theory that the acquisition of a husband on her shopping tour was the item of chief concern to Miss Inez. There was a new hat, for instance.

And because of it Canonchet goes under the hammer at once. The Spragues are to quit Rhode Island and America forever.

Pay Women Small Wages.

About 80 tons of woolen rags are collected annually at Smyrna and shipped chiefly to England and France. They are sorted in Smyrna by women, who get 23 to 30 cents a day working from dawn to sunset.

ling its crystals to the idle after-dinner chat of a surfeited company.

It was October, 1890, and the night was chill when this self-absorbed party suddenly learned the news of Willie Sprague's death. He had shot himself in a laborer's tent in the suburbs of Tacoma. The sign of blood was again upon the house of tragedy. A few days thereafter, when the poor boy's wasted body was being brought home, a final letter which he had addressed to his father came to light. It had been written in a tent assigned to young Sprague as one of a gang of road laborers. In it he recited some of his hardships. The boy complained of the coarse quality of his breakfast that day. Here the letter abruptly terminated. His body was found beside the barrel on which he had written his farewell.

Fate's Relentless Pursuit.

A few years after this, Ethel Sprague, one of the daughters of Kate Chase, adopted the stage. After a short time she quit the profession and, marrying, went to live in Baltimore. Meantime, Canonchet had again been started by an elopement. In the autumn of 1897 Mrs. Inez Sprague, having studied grand opera with some of the best French and Italian masters, appeared in Boston

Domestic discord and estrangement now intervened to madden the principals in this drama. The three daughters of Gov. Sprague and Kate Chase were being educated abroad. "Willie" Sprague, as he was called, the only son, a strange composite of genius and impulsive youth, was still at home.

Robert Thompson had been appointed trustee for the personal estate of the late governor.

Brilliant Kate Chase.

While United States senator he married Katherine Chase, famed as Kate Chase, the beautiful daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury. With this brilliant marriage began the social career which sent the name of Chase-Sprague to the greater salons of Europe and America.

Kate Chase in that day was accounted the most brilliant woman in the society of her own country. She was beautiful, she was a diplomat of marvelous methods, the homage of the greatest statesmen of that time was hers, she was the queenly leader of Washington's social and official life.

And what was her quest? The older generation will recall the plot and the interplotting of those years to make Salmon P. Chase president of the United States. The fact that this great ambition of a daughter was never gratified was probably the precursor of that adverse fate which has relentlessly pursued and gnawed the heart of every Sprague ambition felt since that time.

Early in her married life Kate Chase Sprague built Canonchet, on an estate of 250 acres at Narragansett pier. The house was at that time the grandest mansion on the coast. It stands on the favorite camping ground of Canonchet, chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians. It cost a million dollars. Its furnishings were brought from the stores of many countries. It is a palace within, a labyrinth of halls, nooks, salons,

and made her debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Among other numbers she sang the suicide aria from the opera "Gloconda." Boston critics caused Mrs. Sprague to quit her proposed tour and return to France. Defeat lay in ambush wherever a Sprague ventured forth. That same year Mrs. Kate Chase died in poverty in Washington.

There was, for instance, the case of Orestes Alvord Weed, brother of Mrs. Inez Sprague and her sister Mrs. Gerrit S. Wheaton, who, in 1903 eloped with Miss Katherine D. de Rouillac, of New York. Last year young Weed was found dead at the Grand Union hotel in New York from morphine poisoning. His young widow and two handsome children are all that remain of his little household—a household founded after many affairs of the heart in which young Weed was the debonaire hero.

Five years ago Gerrit S. Wheaton died and left his large interest in Standard Oil to his young widow, sister of Mrs. Inez Sprague, one time wife of Willie Sprague, and mother of Inez Sprague the second. The latter was a beautiful girl. And she has just blasted the great hopes of the "little war governor" and his wife, by eloping with Harry Williams Stinson, son of Chief Justice John H. Stinson, Sprague's implacable enemy in the Rhode Island supreme court, between whose family and the clan Sprague a feud has existed since 1874.

Marriage Promised Much.

Many had courted the girl. Finally last year, when she was 21, she became engaged to young Winpenny, member of a prominent Pennsylvania family. By this marriage, the Wheaton fortune, coupled with Canonchet and its acres, might yet make the score even between the Spragues and their enemies.

But fate was against it. One day last spring Miss Inez announced the breaking of her engagement to Mr. Winpenny. On a day in June she left Canonchet to go shopping in Providence. There on June 21, at St. Stephen's church, she married Harry Williams Stinson without previous announcement. Rev. Herbert Barker performed the ceremony. W. C. Rhoades and Wurst White were witnesses. The spirited young lady was not to be bothered with the forms and trills of a conventional marriage. It is merely a matter of theory that the acquisition of a husband on her shopping tour was the item of chief concern to Miss Inez. There was a new hat, for instance.

And because of it Canonchet goes under the hammer at once. The Spragues are to quit Rhode Island and America forever.



KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.



INEZ SPRAGUE STINSON

HARRY WILLIAMS STINSON

bitious man, Salmon P. Chase, in his cabinet as secretary of the treasury; a time when Kate Chase dominated Washington society and influenced her father's eminent associates by the force of her beauty and the spirited brilliance of her wit.

Then and there William Sprague, a dashing young fellow from Rhode Island—its civil war governor and later its United States senator—brave, handsome, clever, entered upon a career which makes fiction seem tame and tragedy commonplace.

Kate Chase is dead—she died in the

Business and Professional

LITTLE AD. LIKE THESE BRING PEOPLE TO EITHER WHO WANT TO DO BUSINESS.

BRUNSKILL'S. We have a special for Xmas only. Good time to buy a Kodak or Camera for a Xmas present. We teach you how free. Do it now, don't make a mistake, if you want the best photos you will have to have the Brunskill's make 'em.

REAL ESTATE. JOIN US IN A TRIP to Texas on the evening of January 5th or the 19th. Either to Amarilla or the Gulf Coast. Great bargains to home seekers.

J. W. OLARK & CO., 114 Court street.

WASTE PAPER. We pay 30c cwt. for books, magazines and folded newspapers. Will call any place in city. Telephone MALO. 282-292 Farming Street.

STAR BOTTLING WORKS. Manufacturer of carbonated beverages, Ginger Ale and Sodas. Seltzer and Siphon Mineral Waters. J. R. SMITH, Prop. Phone 1744.

SAVE the pieces when you break a lens. We grind a new one to match. Frames repaired and strengthened. F. A. STENGEL Optician, 130 S. State

LIVERY. Don't forget that we make a specialty of driving rigs for pleasure or business. R. P. PERRY, Union St. Both Phones.

MODEL MEAT MARKET. Dealer in all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats, Sausage, etc. W. G. MERKLE. Both Phones. 145 S. Main St.

Prof. Frederic Berryman. BRITONE. Teacher of Voice and Piano. Studio 400 E. Church cor. Vine.

Music Lessons, Piano and Organ. Miss Ada L. Bowen. Ut. Phone 1292. 622 E. Center St.

We Sell Accident Insurance. At very low prices. Secure yourself against loss or accident or sickness. MILLS & BROWN

TRY OUR I. X. L. FLOUR. It's always the same. Our T. and A. canned peas and corn are finest quality. Plenty of country butter. J. A. Miller, Telephone 349.

Your Watch. May need some repairs. No reason why it should not keep good time. If it fails to do so bring it to us, it may need cleaning. Our charges are reasonable. G. W. BOWERS, Jeweler and Optician.

STORE NEWS. That is what your store needs. It will be of interest to the public, and bring to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give your store news to print.